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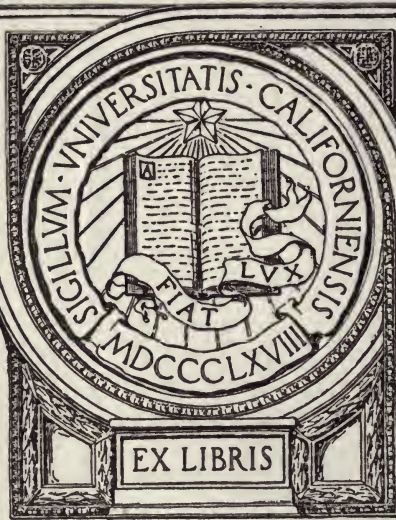


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The GLAD WORLD

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GIFT OF
Class of 1887



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My dear

THE GLAD WORLD

TO THOSE WHO WORK
AND SING THE WHILE

THE
SINGERS



The GLAD WORLD *and* OTHER
SONGS By J W WRIGHT

AUTHOR of "THE LONG AGO"



Illustrated by Ralph
Fullerton Mocine

A C VROMAN (INC) *Publishers*

Pasadena California

*Gift
of Class of 1887*

Copyrighted 1919

By

J W Wright

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
CLASS OF 1887

THE GLAD WORLD

FOR me, no far-off heaven while I still
breathe earth's air;

(Come from an unknown country—going, I
know not where);

Given but fleeting glimpses of God's great
Mystery;

Shackled by sordid earth-chains; no one to
set me free;

Striving to know life's secret, dreading its
strange, cold touch,

Gaining, it seems, so little; losing so much,
so much!

Treading its far-stretched mazes, wond'ring
what fate is mine,

Despairing, with earth-born vision, to see the
heights divine;

Thrilled when for one quick moment I look
beyond the veil,

Downcast for years that follow, standing out-
side the pale;

Seeking God's distant heaven, with none to
tell me where,

Sometimes knowing His presence, often in
blank despair;

Asking a thousand questions, given an answer
to none,

Running a circle race-course whose race is
never done;

Fearing to follow nature lest I be led astray,

Doubting the word-prayer's power, yet igno-
rant how to pray;

Seeking the tie that, somehow, we know links
all mankind

To the far-off Great Hereafter, and a God we
cannot find.

.

This then: If He vouchsafes me, upon some
gentle hill,

A low brown cottage facing across the valley
still,
The red-breast linnets nesting within its
shelt'ring vine,
And insect wing-songs droning where rose
and jassamine twine;
A scraggly eucalyptus, bamboo, a deodar;
A mocking-bird full-throated to greet the
night's first star;
The quail-call from the hillsides, faint-
answered from below;
The majesty of sunset; its gentler afterglow;
A merry hearth-fire crackling inside the in-
glenook;
Some strains of simple music, a song to sing,
a book;
A cheerful garden blooming; the scent of
upturned sod;
A comrade walking near me . . . (This on
my knees, dear God!)

The One Who Knows to read with—to laugh
with in the sun;

A gladsome heart to meet me when the day's
work is done

If these can be my portion, I'll waive the Why
and How

And risk the Great Hereafter—to take my
heaven now!

I DO NOT KNOW



I DO NOT KNOW

I DO not know what holds the stars in
place—

What guides the wand'ring moon—
what formed the sun—

What sends the blazing comets on through
space—

What fixed the constellations—when
'twas done—

What the Beginning was—how long ago—

I do not know.

By what strange chemistry the restless bee
Distills its honey—how the perfume
flows

Into the violet—how the citrus tree
Prepares its juices—whence the night-
wind blows—

What makes the sunset colors—how the bird
Was taught his song—the mystery of
Birth—

What tints the ocean—how its tides are
stirred—

When and whence mankind came upon
the earth—

(The text-books? Yes I read them
day by day

And through and through, as theories
come and go—

Still these, and countless kindred things that
throng my way—

Frankly, I do not know.)

One thing I know: A Law stands stead-
fastly—

Choose any name—Fate, Mind, or
Deity,

What matter that I do not understand?

Shall I alone of nature's company

Doubt its kind guidance through eternity?

May I not trust the wondrous Thing
that planned

All things I see?

THE CHILD

Such wonderful things you read, mother,
 Out of the story-books;
I'm sure you know 'most everything—
Tell me, why don't all birds sing,
 When it seems as if they might?
Mother, what is the sunshine,
 And where does it go at night?

Such warm, soft clothes you give me,
 And such good things to eat;
You find me when I run away
And get lost in the woods, at play
 With the story-book's queer elf—
But tell me, dearest mother-mine,
 How can I find myself?

Mother, find my spirit for me,
Find it for me!
Perhaps some day I'll need it, mother,
 Some day, you know, I might,
When it seems to have gone as far away
 As the sunshine goes at night.



A SUMMER MORNING
UNDER THE EUCALYPTUS

**A SUMMER MORNING
UNDER THE EUCALYPTUS**

HOW strong and kind this sturdy tree
Which rests my back so soothingly
And holds my drowsy, upturned head,
Within this broad, leaf-shaded bed.

The world is wondrous still today,
Except when fitful breezes play
Among the fragrant leaves, and press
Upon my cheek a soft caress.

Through purple haze and half-closed eyes
I see the rugged mountains rise
And from the cloudless blue stretch forth
A benediction o'er the earth.

Beside me, with her doll and books
The child who shares my choicest nooks
Plays happily, or laughs or sings
Or sleeps among her cherished things.

A hummer's wing-whirr breaks the hush;
The quail pipes in the mesquite brush;
The drone of bugs and honey-bees
Sounds drowsily among the trees.

The cares of Yesterday have fled;
Tomorrow's are not here—instead
I ask not Whence nor Where nor Why
Today I let the world go by!

TOMORROW



TOMORROW

ELF of the wildwood, please go 'way!
Back to your flower-fields fragrant—
For hands must work at a desk today
Though the heart is a willing vagrant;
Beckon no more through the open door
Where blue skies smile and the white clouds
soar,
So far from the world's strange
sorrow—
Elf of the purple hills, go 'way!
And call me again tomorrow.

Wind of the grass-fields, hush, please hush
Your song through the window-
grating—

Relentless sands in the hour-glass rush
Too swift for the tasks awaiting;

Whisper no more at the closing door

Your wistful secrets of woodland lore

And tales from the leaves you borrow,

Today, sweet wind of the grass-fields, hush!

And whistle me out tomorrow.

Song of the mating wood-thrush clear

From the cool stream-bank upwelling
Hark! . . . There's a Must-Be voice still near

Through the long years ever swelling;
Echo no more to the fast-shut door
From the thicket depths where we played of
yore

When hope was a shield from sorrow—
Song of the wood-thrush, please be still!

And rouse me again tomorrow!

Elves of the dreamland, run away

To your cloistered pine-woods fragrant;
Back to our playground of Yesterday

Where a soul of the Now goes
vagrant—

Gather no more at my bolted door,
For Life is to do what today has in store
And count it for joy, not sorrow—

Loved elves of the dream-days don't
go 'way!

But . . . take me . . . with you . . . to-
morrow.

HERE THE LUTE FELL SILENT---AND FRIEND ALLES,
MASTER PRINTER, IN HIS LOFT ABOVE THE CITY,
DID ITS SONG INTO A BOOK AFTER THE NOTIONS
OF THE SINGER, THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF THE
HARVEST MONTH, 1919



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